The Barre Press Co., BARRE, - - VT. H. C. WHITAKER, Editor, G. A. ROSS, Manager.

TERMS:

Entered in the Post Office at Barre, Vt., as second-class matter.

Some arrangement should be devised. for the keeping of loafers off the steps of the National Bank, in justice to the public as well as to the bank officials.

Now for the political conventions. Come ye slate makers, fall in line and any place to get away from home with "deliver the goods" you have promised you. It's mighty strange that you can't for those who are in the hands of "their in your own home-mighty strange. I

Now that Goddards stringent rivals for the school league championship is Lord Joe Naggley felt more like that.' on the down grade, it is to be hoped Goddard can at least defeat St. Albans and win one other game, which would give them the pennant for a sec- while Mr. Goethe ripped and paced ond time. By all means go up and around anywhere and everywhere, just cheer for our local champions.

Dr. Webb will long be remembered · by the Vermont soldiers as on friend indeed." Five bundred dollars will buy lots of good things for our Green Mountain troops. Now will home with their wives, where they be-Green Mountain troops. And some one say that Webb is after the long.

"It's mighty strange that a man can about a home of liberal to the boys all the time who his own when he's trying to delude would blame them if they voted for some girl into marrying him, and then the generous doctor?

A move is under way to seeme the election of Mrs. Chara R. Jones, of married did you make me sing Home, Bradford, as National President of the Sweet Home, for you, and now if I try Womans Relief Corps at the coming Na- to sing it you look as if you'd taken a tional Convention. This is the proper of there's no place like home, that you thing. Vermont is entitled to anything made me work before we were married these days. Dewey has foreclosed on so as to have it all ready for our own the good things and they belong to the people of his native State. By all means give us Mrs. Jones for National why. President. She is already Junior Vice President of the National organization.

Come, let us have a change in the office of State Treasurer. Field has been there long enough. It is an office that does not belong to any section of the her a good deal more than you appreci-State. We say give the east side a chance for the office. We most heart-Hy second the nomination of W. II. tongue? I pity the poor woman if she Brackett, of Brattleboro. He is in every didn't have a tongue. way competent to discharge the duties of the office, and is a true blue Republican. While Brattleboro, like other Ud do if it wasn't for my tongue, andtowns not a thousand miles from here, Oh, yes; rush off as usual right when verse conditions of those dark days. has a great hunger for all the offices, your wife is speaking! It shows just

Drawing a Splinter. Removing a splinter from a suffering

hand may not be a nice and pleasant subject, but home surgery may sometimes give some one a feeling of heartfelt joy. The sufferer who illustrates the matter on this occasion was a cartor. He was working at his trade at an institution over which the sisters of the Roman Catholic church presided. of December and asked me if I wouldn't in his hand and could not get it out. He went home at the close of his day's work feeling no annoyance from the wound, but by the next morning the hand was in a serious condition and so painful that working was as impossibility. On his way to the doctor's the car-

must delay his work. "Let me see what I can do with your hand before you go to the doctor," said one of the sisters. The man demurred. "Yes," said the sister, with gentle insistence, "it will do no harm anyway." She quickly filled within an inch or so of the top a rather wide monthed bottle with steaming hot water, and as she held it another sister pressed the inflamed part of the injured hand gently down over the opening. Such a peculiar sensation! It seemed to the man that his whole hand was being drawn with great force into the bottle. He would have taken it away, but the sister was holding it gently, but firmly. Then there was a feeling of relief. It seemed as if the inside of that hand had become liquid and was pouring its unpleasant contents into the bottle. That was almost exactly what was happening, and with the liquid went the offending splinter. The hand was bathed and bandaged, and the carpenter continued his work most difficult thing in life. To see it

His Wife Won.

A Georgia man, who was unpopular in his community, insured his life for \$2,000. He took the policy home to his wife and said: "Maria, here's a life insurance docu-

ment for \$2,000." "Thank you, dear," said his wife.

"How are you feeling today?" 'Not well," he replied, "and I don't think I am long for this world, and I want to say to you that when I die it is my wish that you devote \$1,000 of the money to defraying my funeral expenses.'

"Mercy on me," exclaimed the wife, "why do you want such an expensive

"I'll explain. I'm perfectly satisfied that nobody will attend my funeral, and I want to hire people to go at so much a head. I'm going out today and see what arrangements I can make for attendants on that forthcoming melanchely occasion. If they wen't come gratis, why-I'll just hire 'em an give em an order on you for the money. He went forth and at nightfall re-

turned with a dejected look. "Maria," he said, "it's no use. You can have the whole \$2,000. Just go to my funeral yourself."—Atlanta Consti-

LITTLE SISTER.

Little sister's prim and sly, Lattle stater's prim and siy,
With a keen and knowing eye,
With a bright and roguish glance,
sharper than a soldier's lance.
At that glance my faint heart goes
Down and hobnobs with my toes.
Can she know the boon I seek—
Why I call three times a week?
Flow the watches all my mores— How she watches all my moves Ah, I hope she quite approves! And she treats me to such airs, While my darling is up stairs.

She's discovered why I call! Little sister knows it all!
-Harry Romaine in Ladies' Home Journal.

SHE THOUGHT IT STRANGE. Naggley Went Out For His Little Walk

Anyway. Naggley threw down the evening pa per he had been reading, yawned and stretched and said he guessed he'd go out for a little while, whereupon Mrs.

Naggley said:
"Where are you going?"

"Oh, no place in particular." "No, I s'pose not. It's anything or content yourself for any length of time was reading this from Goethe today, He is happiest, be he king or peasant, who finds peace in his home.' I said to myself when I read it, 'I wish to the

"Mrs. Goothe must have been a happy woman to have a husband who could say that. I'll bet a dime she did not so he needn't have to be at home with the wife he'd promised to love and honor and cherish, and who had done all she could to make home pleasant for him, and I'll bet Mr. Goethe didn't belong to three or four lodges and clubs that ought to be wiped out of existence, so the members of them would stay at

when he gets her and a home he wants to be on the gad all the time. I say it's

mighty strange. "How many times before we were dose of ipecac. And look at that motto, home. It doesn't appeal to you any more than it appeals to that lamppost out there across the street. I'd like to know

"The land knows I do all I can to make home peaceful and pleasant for you. You couldn't scrape up a tablespoonful of dirt in this whole house, and I'll put my cooking against that of any other woman I know of-yes, I'd put it against Mrs. Goethe's even.

"I'll bet that her husband appreciated ato me, and I'll bet her home wasn't a bit cleaner than mine, nor her- What's

"There never was a married woman yet Brackett is all right, and this fact strange how soon men change after they how much you respect her. It's mighty are married-mighty strange! Louis Post-Dispatch.

Shaving a Pursued Bandit.

"I shaved Jesse James, the once noted outlaw, down in southern Kentucky a long time ago," said an old gray haired fellow on the train the other day, "when the man's life wasn't worth a penny. Jesse rushed into my little country place, down in the Red shave him while he looked after his colt's revolvers and watched the door. I was not a barber by trade, but those persuaders Jesse had induced me to try my hand with a new Wade & Butcher razor I took out of my showcase. As I shaved, the man of iron nerve sat with penter stopped to tell the sisters why he a cocked pistol in each hand and told me in a few hurried words that a posse was pursuing him, bent on capturing him, dead or alive, on the charge of robbing a bank at Russellville, a crime, he averred, of which he was not guilty. He wanted his beard shaved off that he might fool his pursuers if they should happen to catch up with him. I finished the job of scraping. The much wanted individual thanked me, and, mounting a horse, which had been hitched in the rear of my store, bade me good evening and rode away. I didn't know for certain who my visitor was, although I suspected it, until the next day, when I heard that a man in the neighborhood was telling that he had seen the elder James the afternoon before. I suppose that was the last shave Jesse James got in Kentucky, and I have never seen him after that day."-Louisville Post.

Duty.

To do the duty nearest, simple and natural as it may seem, is really the without further inconvenience.—New even is difficult. I do not know what it is in man that always makes him enamored of the distant thing. It is always tomorrow and tomorrow. Today we will dream and plan and postpone; tomorrow we will act, and so life gets to be a snarl of neglected yesterdays, a deceiving show of promised tomorrows, nothing really accomplished .- J. F. W. Ware.

During the reign of Elizabeth English dudes were shoes three feet long, the toe pointed and fastened up to the garter with golden chains, to which little bells were attached.

In the southern provinces of Russia a drink resembling brandy is obtained by distilling the juice of the watermelon.

He Was Cruel. Mrs. Nubbons-My husband is a per-

feet brute. Friend-You amaze me. Mrs. Nubbons-Since the baby began teething nothing would quiet the little angel but pulling his papa's beard, and yesterday he went and had his beard shaved off. -London Tit-Bits.

Chinese cannot be telegraphed. Figures have to be used corresponding to certain words. Only one-eighth of the words in the language are in this code, but this has been found sufficient for I suppose it's his way, don't you practical purposes.

A SOUTHERN ROET'S RECOLLECTIONS OF THE GENERAL.

Frank L. Stanton Recalls Some Incidents of the Closing Days of the War-General Sherman's Goodness to the Elder Stanton, Who Was Very III In Savannah.

Frank L. Stanton, the popular Georgia poet, always speaks up for General Sherman when he hears any severe criticism

of that famous commander's methods. The story told by Stanton has never found its way into print, but it deserves a place among the minor incidents and

reminiscences of the war period.
"When Savannah fell," said Stanton, "I was a little chap about 8 years old. The confusion and tumult in the streets frightened me, and I was afraid to go

very far from the house.
"Young as I was, I understood that something very serious had occurred. Instead of seeing Confederate soldiers parading the streets with a few Federal prisoners I saw thousands of Federals swarming through the town, and they had a great many Confederates under guard.

"The situation had been reversed. That was plain, even to a child.

"My father was very ill, in the last stages of consumption, and my mother was worn out with anxiety and the cares of the household. Our neighbors were panic stricken, and everybody seemed to be expecting some awful ca-

"Penned up there as we had been for a long time, without supplies and without any money except worthless Confederate currency, the outlook was gloomy enough. How was my sick father to get the things he needed? That was the problem with my mother.

"Somebody told General Sherman about my father and mentioned the fact that he was a kinsman of a very distinguished and powerful officer on the Un-

"One day when I entered my father's room I found three Federal officers sitting there in pleasant conversation with the invalid and my mother. "I was scared and started to run, but

one of the strangers, a middle aged man with a roughly trimmed brown beard, called me back. He asked my name, and before I knew it had me on his knee, and he said so many nice things to me that I took quite a fancy to him.

"He was General Sherman, and he had called with two of his staff officers to see my father. When the visitors left, the general told my mother at the door that he knew all about the inconveniences of a siege and insisted upon sending from the army stores something that would suit a sick man.

"Under the circumstances such an offer could not be declined. It was a only child, and he idolized her. For her picnic for the children of the family, I sake alone he wanted to be rich. He can tell you. "After that, while the general was in

the city, something was sent to the house every day. Brandy, wine, loaf sugar, lemons, beef, chickens, coffee, vegetables and I don't know what else What did you say about her plenty for the family and for our nearcame in generous quantities. We had est nighbors. "Nor was that all. The general sent

one of the best physicians in the hosyet who didn't need all the tongue the Lord gave her, and I don't know what father were made far more comfortable than we had hoped for under the ad-

"General Sherman came to the house once more before he left Savannah. I cannot remember what he said, but he It is not necessary to recite was sympathetic and he said something dents that led up to the scene, which about the pleasure it gave him to aid a were related to me by an eyewitness. It relative of his distinguished friend at Washington.

"At that time I was very fond of a showy uniform, and it vexed my childish mind to see my friend the general always dressed so shabbily. His staff officers presented a better appearance, and some of them were really gorgeous in their spectacular rig.

"The other boys and the negroes agreed with me that the commander must be in very hard luck or he would certainly dress better. Still, I was then convinced that he was a wonderfully wise man. With my pockets full of his loaf sugar, which I had surreptitiously abstracted from the pantry, I would have been ungrateful if I had formed any other opinion.

"Sherman left the city and marched onward through the Carolinas, and that ended the war.

"No, I never saw him again. My father died, and I lived in different places, my work keeping me so busy that I had no time to think of the general or any body else not connected with my immediate business. I wish now that I had seen him before he passed away. As it is, I can only recall him as he appeared to my boyish and wondering eyes, under circumstances which did not give me an opportunity to study him. No matter what may be said of his conduct in war, I cannot help liking him. He was a good friend just when we most needed one."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Doubtful Compliments.

The compliments paid by the poor are often put in an amusing way. One old woman who was very fond of the rector said to Mr. Bernays: "You know, sir, us likes the rector; 'is ears are so clean.' Surely an odd reason for parochial affection. Another admirer once declared with regard to the whole staff of clergy, "You are all so plain" (a word of high commendation), "but as for the vicar, 'e's beautiful." The greatest compliment, though at the same time the most curious Mr. Bernays ever heard, was paid by a workingman to a certain bishop, famous for his simple kindli-What I likes 'bout the bishop is 'e's not a gentleman."-Westminster Gazette.

Slightly Changed. Fogg-We hadn't gone far before I

found one of my wheels badly deflated, but there happened to be a shoe store near by, and so, of course, I was all right.

Fenderson-I don't understand, old fellow. Fogg-They always have pumps in shoe stores, you know. Fenderson thinks he will try that

joke on his friend Brown. Fenderson-Fogg got off a good thing today. He said his wheel wanted blowing up, and so he stopped at a shoe store. He said, you know, they always have boots in a shoe store. Ha, ha! By Jove, though, come to think of it, that doesn't sound right. But it struck me know. "-Boston Transcript.

ERMAN WAS KIND. A WOMAN THE STAKE.

SHE WAS PLAYED AGAINST \$50,000 IN A GAME OF ECARTE.

Though the Kentuckian Won at the Game, He Was Beaten In Another Way -- Strange Story of an Old, Grewsome Looking

House In San Francisco. In 1867 there stood an old fashioned shanty east of the locality now occupied by the Presentation convent, in front of the graveyard, and the people in the neighborhood used to tell strange stories about this grewsome looking dwelling. For several years its occupancy was apparently confined to a decrepit old man, who used to crawl in and out about once

from the market. He was known in the neighborhood as the old dago, though in reality he was a native of Alsace. For several years he lived a hermit's life, and the neighbors got so accustomed to his comings and goings that even the small boys forgot to molest him. But one morning all the gossips found food for conversation by the appearance of a remarkably levely young woman who went out to and returned from the butcher's stall and the grocer's. She spoke English imperfectly and with a very pronounced French accent. This little cabin was destined to be the scene of a very dramatic incident in the history of California gam-

It was natural that a girl as protty as Irene should not be long without admirers, so it came to pass that the windows of the old house were lighted up every evening, and the Frenchman developed the natural hospitality of his race and gave little dinners and suppers to his exiled countrymen. But among those, as was only natural, there were some who existed not by honest industry, but by the gaming table. Among them was a young man of striking appearance who had served in France as sous officier in a hussar regiment, had gone the pace, ruined himself, and finally drifted out to San Francisco, where he became the hanger on of the gambling

Louis Le Marronais was a strikingly handsome specimen of the Parisian of his class. It did not take him very long to gain the confidence of the old Frenchman, and to him he confided the story of his life. It was not a very eventful one. He was a member of an old French family and could use if he pleased a title which dated back to Charles the Bold. He had been ruined by the extravagance of his younger brother and was then living on the income of a little property in Brittany, which he had saved from the wreck. Irene was his wanted to take her back to France and reinstate her in the position to which

her rank entitled her. The ex-hussar won the old man into the belief that his only chance of getting rich was through gambling. So night after night old Lescant was found at the El Dorado or some other gaming hell losing his money under the direction of the arch mentor. One night Irene followed him there to bring him back, and her first visit was a fateful one. Tom Monroe, a Kentackian, one of the wildest and most reckless characters of that period, saw her, admired her and swore that she should become his prop-

is sufficient to say that Le Marronais had convinced the old Frenchman that Monroe would stake \$50,000 against the hand of Irene. If he won, she was to become his wife, but if he lost the money was to become the Frenchman's property and Irene was free to bestow her affections wherever she pleased. Irene was informed of this proposition, and she looked resigned and rather

amused at the transaction. The eventful night arrived. Monroe. the old man, Louis, Irene and a friend and countryman of the host were the only inmates of the little room. The game was ccarte, and the cards, which Louis had marked, lay upon the table. The old man got the deal. Monroe's certified check for \$50,000 was placed in the custody of the hussar. The old man marked the king in the first deal, and when the pack changed hands he had the best of the game. The play went on, and in the last hand Monroe scored every

point. "Irene is mine!" shouted the Kentuckian, reaching for his check.

At this moment the lights were dashed out, and Monroe fell to the floor from the stroke of some heavy instrument. The only disinterested spectator of the scene fled from the room. The next morning there was no sign of life in the old house, and in the evening when the milkman knocked he heard a groaning from the inside. He forced his way into the house and discovered the wretched Kentuckian bound hand and foot. Monroe, avowing murder, rushed the next morning to the banking house. The check had been cashed by an individual who answered the description of the hussar. The other actors in this startling scene were never heard of. Nothing in the house was disturbed, not even the girl's wearing apparel, and the incident became a portion of this strange history of old time gambling in San Francisco. —San Francisco News Letter.

It is not true that "the tailor makes gentleman cannot safely neglect the tailor's services if he wishes people in tailor's services if he wishes people in litical life was somewhat too careless in this respect. This statesman was once on his way to call upon a friend in Quebec and stopped an Irishman in the street to inquire the way. "Can you tell me where Mr. Hunter

lives?" he asked. "It's no use your going there," was the unexpected reply.
"But do you know where he lives?"

"Faith and I do, but it's no use going there."

The inquirer began to get angry "I didn't ask your advice. I simply want to know where Mr. Hunter lives," "Oh, well, he lives down that street yonder, the first house round the corner, but I tell you it's no use your go-

ing there, for I've just been there myself, and he's already got a man." Mr. Hunter had advertised for a serv-

BLUE LAWS.

of the Peculiar Enactments That Obtained In Old Virginia.

Those who fancy that strict laws were peculiar to New England in colonial days should read some of the enact-ments of the Virginia assembly. "It was enacted," writes Professor John Fiske in "Old Virginia and Her Neighbors," that any person found

drunk was for the first offense to be privately reproved by the minister; the second time this reproof was to be publiely administered; the third time the offender must be put in irons for 12 hours and pay a fine; for any subsequent Which will be sold to close home offenses he must be severely punished at the discretion of the governor and coun-

"To gnard the community against excessive vanity in dress it was enacted a day, his arms filled with packages that for all public contributions every unmarried man must be assessed in church 'according to his own apparel,' and every married man must be assessed 'according to his own and his wife's apparel.'

"Not merely extravagance in dress, but such social misdemeanors as flirting, received due legislative condemnation. Pretty maids were known to encourage hopes in more than one suitor, and gay deceivers of the sterner sex would some times seek to win the affections of two or more women at the same time. Wherefore it was enacted that 'every minister should give notice in his church that what man or woman soever should use any word or speech tending to a contract of marriage to two several persons at one time as might entangle or breed scruples in their consciences, should for such their offense, either undergo corporal correction (by whipping) or be punished by fine or otherwise, ac cording to the quality of the person so

offending." Men were held to more strict accountability for the spoken or written word than in these shameless modern days. One of the most prominent settlers we find presenting a petition to the assembly to grant him due satisfaction against a neighbor who has addressed to him a letter "wherein he taxeth him both unseemly and amiss of certain things wherein he was never faulty." Speaking against the governor or any member of the council was liable to be punished with the pillory. It was also imprudent to speak too freely about clergymen, who were held in great reverence. No planter could dispose of so much as a pound of tobacco until he had laid aside a certain specified quantity as his assessment toward the minister's salary, which was thus assured even in the worst times, so far as legislation could

SPILT HER LUNCH.

Sorry Accident to a Stylish Young Woman In a Train.

The passengers on an early morning train connecting with this city were treated to a thoroughly enjoyable scene the other morning. At one of the small stations a young lady boarded the train. She was dressed rather stylishly, but

a veil covered a rather plain face. She switched down the aisle like a queen. She barely deigned to glance at the other passengers in the car, and when she did her nose rose perceptibly at the tip in a manner that spread the impression of contempt. She carried a Boston beg and the air

of a millionaire. There was but one seat vacant. This was beside a good looking, nicely dressed young man who was read-

When she came to this seat, she flopped down heavily and tossed her bag to the seat between herself and the young man. Two seconds later the young man leaped from his seat, and a string of earnest words of doubtful origin fell from his lips like vipers from the lips of the young woman in the fable.

The startled passengers looked to see what had caused this outburst. They saw, and then they laughed. The nice looking Deston bag contained an ordinary, everyday working girl's lunch. One of its features was a jar of coffee, which had broken in the descent and flowed freely over the young man's new fall coat and trousers.

He went into the smoking car, swearing profusely. She murmured a weak apology and spent her time in mopping up the seat. - Brockton Enterprise.

Patner Ryan.

No American poet has given clearer proof of the possession of poetic genius of a rare order than Father Ryan. Certainly no poet has achieved a more enduring fame and secured a warmer place in the hearts of the people of the south than the "poet priest." He is distinctively known as the poet of the "lost cause"-as the bard whose harp sings so sweetly and so pathetically the requiem of a brave and a proud people over the grave wherein their hopes and aspirations have been buried by the mysterions dispensation of an almighty and all wise Providence. This fact puts Father Ryan in a unique place, separated from any other American poet of his time. As to the high intrinsic literary value of the majority of his poems, of the genuineness of his poetic faculty and the excellence of his gift of song there can be no manner of doubt. -Al-

A Handsome Gown.

A handsome gown made in Berlin is thus described: "The skirt of a mouse gray reception toilet was of figured moire, decorated with an apronlike arrangement of openwork embroidery, the the gentleman," but it is true that a plastic by means of a thick underlinrosettes and flowers being made very general to take him for what he is. A The waist was similarly arranged with a traverse empiecement of small satin bands, which fell over the jabot of yellow guipure lace. On the neck was a garland of wired points or tabs and white silk gauze ruches. The waist disappeared beneath a belt of gold and silver braid finished with silver rosettes. The leg o' mutton sleeves were in the form of a spiral above, the plaits nar-rowing in the lower part."

One More Idiot.

Tobacconist-If you'll keep quiet about it, I'll tell you how I manage to make money out of cigars. When a man comes in and asks me for a good cigar, I invariably recommend that brand that costs me the least. It is a great scheme. Customer—That's so. What idiots they must all be! By the way, I want you to recommend a good cigar to me. ant the day before. The statesman, so advise you to take one of these. (Custhe story goes, went at dace and bought tomer goes out.) Only one more idiot; that's all. -Boston Transcript.

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